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THE HARTFORD HERALD.

"I COME, THE HERALD OF A NOISY WORLD, THE NEWS OF ALL NATIONS LUMBERING AT MY BACK."

VOL. I.

HARTFORD, OHIO COUNTY, KY., NOVEMBER 3, 1875.

NO. 44.

SOMEBODY'S SERVANT GIRL.

She stood there leaning weary
Against the window frame;
Her face was patient, sad and sweet;
Her garments coarse and plain;
"Who is she, pray?" I asked a friend,
The red lips gave a smile—
"Really I do not know her name,
She's some one's servant girl."

Again I saw her on the street
With bundle trudge along;
Her face was sweet and patient still,
And似 the jostling throng;
Slowly but cheerfully she moved,
Guarding with a watchful care,
A market-basket much too large
For her slight hands to bear.

A man, I thought a gentleman,
Went pushing rudely by,
Sweeping the basket from her hands,
But turning not his eye;
Nor is there necessity,
Amid that busy whirl,
For him to be a gentleman—
To "some one's servant girl."

Ah, well that it is God above
Looks in upon the heart,
And never judges any one
By just the outer part;
For if the soul be pure and good,
He will not mind the rest,
Nor questions what the garments were
In which the form was dressed.

And many a man and woman fair—
By fortune reared and fed,
Who fit not mingle here below
With those who earn their bread,
When they have passed away from life
Beyond the gates of pearl,
Will meet before their Father's throne
With many a servant girl.

THE BLACK TULIP.

BY ALEXANDRE DUMAS,
Author of the "Count of Monte Cristo,"
"The Three Guardsmen," "Twenty
Years After," "The Queen of the
Bosom," "Louise de
Valiere," "The Iron
Mask," Etc. Etc.

CHAPTER XII.

The Execution.
Cornelius had not three hundred paces to walk outside the prison, to reach the foot of the scaffold. At the bottom of the staircase, the dog quietly looked at him while he was passing; Cornelius even fancied he saw in the eyes of the monster a certain expression, as it were, of compassion.

The dog, perhaps, knew the condemned prisoners, and only bit those who left as free men.

The shorter the way from the door of the prison to the foot of the scaffold, the more fully, of course, it was crowded with curious people.

These were the same who, not satisfied with the blood which they had shed three days before, were now craving for a new victim.

And scarcely had Cornelius made his appearance, than a fierce groan ran thro' the whole street, spreading all over the yard, and re-echoing from the streets which led to the scaffold, and which were likewise crowded with spectators.

The scaffold indeed looked like an islet at the confluence of several rivers.

In the midst of these threats, groans and yellings, Cornelius, very likely in order not to hear them, had buried himself in his own thoughts.

And what did he think of, in his last melancholy journey?

Neither of his enemies, nor of his judges, nor of his executioners.

He thought of the beautiful tulips which he would see from heaven above, at Ceylon, or Bengal, or elsewhere, when he would be able to look with pity on this earth, where John and Cornelius De Witte had been murdered, for having thought too much of politics, and where Cornelius Van Baerle was about to be murdered for having thought too much of tulips.

"It is only one stroke of the axe," said the philosopher to himself, "and my beautiful dream will begin to be realized."

Only there was still a chance, just as it had happened before to M. De Jauzel, to M. De Thou, and other slovenly-executed people, that the headsman might inflict more than one stroke, that is to say, more than one martyrdom, on the poor tulip-fancier.

Yet, notwithstanding all this, Van Baerle mounted the scaffold not less resolutely, proud of having been the friend of that illustrious John, and son of that noble Cornelius De Witte, whom the ruffians, who were crowding to witness his own doom, had torn to pieces and burnt three days before.

He knelt down, said his prayers, and observed, not without a feeling of sincere joy, that laying his head on the block, and keeping his eyes open, he would be able to his last moment, to see the grated window of the Buitenhof.

At length the fatal moment arrived, and Cornelius placed his chin on the cold, damp block. But in this moment, his eyes closed involuntarily, to receive more resolutely the terrible avalanche which was about to fall on his head, and engulf his life.

A gleam, like that of lightning, passed across the scaffold: it was the executioner raising his sword.

Van Baerle bade farewell to the grand black tulip, certain of awakening in another world full of light and glorious tints,

Three times he felt, with a shudder, the cold stream of air from the knife coming near his neck, but, what a surprise! he felt neither pain nor shock.

He saw no change in the color of the sky, and of the world around him.

Then suddenly, Van Baerle felt gentle hands raising him, and soon stood on his feet again, although trembling a little.

He looked around him. There was some one by his side, rending a large parchment, sealed with a huge seal of red wax.

And the same sun, yellow and pale, as it behoves a Dutch sun to be, was shining in the skies: and the same grated window looked down on him, from the Buitenhof.

And the same rabble, no longer yelling, but completely thunderstruck, was staring at him from the streets below.

Cornelius began to be sensible to what was going on around him. His Highness, William, Prince of Orange, very likely afraid that Van Baerle's blood would turn the scale of judgment against him, had compassionately taken into consideration his good character, and the apparent proofs of his innocence.

His Highness, accordingly, had granted him his life.

Cornelius first hoped that the pardon would be complete, and that he would be restored to his full liberty and to his former borders at Dort.

But Cornelius was mistaken. To use an expression of Madame de Sevigne, who wrote about the same time, "there was a postscript to the letter;" and the most important point of the letter was contained in the postscript.

In this postscript, William, of Orange, Stadholder of Holland, condemned Cornelius Van Baerle to imprisonment for life. He was not sufficiently guilty to suffer death, but he was too much so to be set at liberty.

Cornelius heard this clause, but, the first feeling of vexation over, he said to himself:

"Never mind, all this is not lost yet, there is some good in this perpetual imprisonment; Rosa will be there, and also my three bulls of the black tulip are there."

But Cornelius forgot that the Seven Provinces had seven prisons, one for each, and that the board of the prisoner is anywhere else less expensive than at the Hague, which is the capital.

His Highness, who, as it seems, did not possess the means to feed Van Baerle at the Hague, sent him to undergo his perpetual imprisonment at the fortress of Lovenstein very near Dort, but, also very far from it; for Lovenstein, in the geographers tell us, is situated at the point of the islet which is formed by the confluence of the Waal and the Meuse, opposite Gemen.

Van Baerle was sufficiently versed in the history of his country to know that the celebrated Grotius was confined in that castle, after the death of Barneveldt; and that the States, in their generosity to the illustrious publicist, jurist, historian, poet and divine, had granted to him, for his daily maintenance, the sum of twenty-four stivers.

"I," said Baerle to himself, "I am worth much less than Grotius, they will hardly give me twelve stivers, and I shall live miserably; but never mind, at all events I shall live."

Then, suddenly, a terrible thought struck him.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, "how damp and misty that part of the country is; and the soil so bad for the tulips, and then Rosa will not be at Lovenstein!"

CHAPTER XIII.

WHAT WAS GOING ON ALL THIS TIME IN THE MIND OF ONE OF THE SPECTATORS.

Whilst Cornelius was engaged with his own thoughts, a coach had driven up to the scaffold. This vehicle was for the illustrious Boxtel to ascend the scaffold with his servants, to remove the inanimate remains of his friend.

The thing was, moreover, quite customary among the "faithful brethren," when one of their masters died a public death in the Buitenhof.

A fanatic like Cornelius might very easily have found another fanatic who gave a hundred guilders for his remains.

The executioner also readily acquiesced in the proposal, making only one condition—that of being paid in advance.

Boxtel, like the people who enter a show at a fair, might not be pleased, and refuse to pay on going out.

Boxtel paid in advance and waited.

After this the reader may imagine how excited Boxtel was; with what anxiety he watched the guards, the Recorder and the executioner; and with what intense interest he surveyed the movements of Van Baerle. How would he place himself on the block? how would he fall? and would he not, in falling, crush those inestimable bulbs? had not he at least taken care to inclose them in a golden box? as gold is the hardest of all metals.

Every thing was highly irritated him. Why did that stupid executioner thus loose time in brandishing his sword over the head of Cornelius, instead of cutting that head off?

But when he saw the Recorder take the hand of the condemned, and raise him, whilst drawing to the parchment from his pocket, when he heard the parlor of the Stadholder publicly read out—then Boxtel was no more like a human being,

the rage and malice of the tiger, of the hyena, and of the serpent glistened in his eyes, and vented itself in his yell and his movements. Had he been able to get at Van Baerle he would have pounced upon him and strangled him.

And so, then, Cornelius was to live, and was to go to Lovenstein, and thither to his prison, where he would link with his bolts; and perhaps he would even find a garden where the black tulip would flower for him.

Boxtel, quite overcome by his frenzy, fell from the stone on some Orangemen, who like him, were sorely vexed at the turn which affairs had taken. They, mistaking the frantic cries of Myneher Isaac for demonstrations of joy, began to be labor him with kicks and cuffs, such as could not have been administered in better style to any prize-fighter on the other side of the Channel.

Blows were, however, nothing to him. He wanted to run after the coach which was carrying away Cornelius with his bolts. But in his hurry he overlooked a paving-stone in his way, stumbled, lost his centre of gravity, rolled over to a distance of some yards, and only rose again, bruised and begrimed, after the whole rabble of the Hague with their muddy feet had passed over him.

One would think that this was enough for one day, but Myneher Boxtel did not seem to think so, as in addition to having his clothes torn, his back bruised, and his hands scratched, he inflicted upon himself the further punishment of tearing out his hair by handfuls, as an offering to that godless of envy, who, as mythology teaches us, has for her head dress only a set of serpents.

[Continued next week.]

The Cheerful Face.

Next to sunlight of heaven is the sunlight of a cheerful face. There is no mistaking it—the bright eye, the unclouded brow, the sunny smile—all tell of that which dwells within. Who has not felt its electrifying influence? One glance at this face lifts us at once out of the mist and shadow, away from tears and repinings, into the beautiful realms of hope. One cheerful face in a household will keep everything bright and warm within. Envу, hatred, malice, selfishness, despondency, and a host of evil passions may lurk around the door, they may even look within, but they never enter and abide there—the cheerful face puts them to flight.

It may be a very plain face, but there is something in it that we feel we cannot express, and its cheerful looks sends the blood dancing through our veins for every joy. We turn toward the sun, and its warmth, genial influences refreshes and strengthens our failing spirits. Ah, there is a word of magic in the plain cheerful face! It charms us with a spell of eternity and we would not exchange it for all the soulless beauty that ever graced the fairest form.

But there was too things which Boxtel did not calculate upon. Rosa, that is to say—love.

William of Orange, that is to say—element?

But for Rosa and William, the intentions of this envious neighbor would have been correct.

But for William, Cornelius would have died.

But for Rosa, Cornelius would have died with his bolts on his heart.

Myneher Boxtel went to the headsman, to whom he gave himself out as a great friend of the condemned man, and from whom he bought all the clothes of the dead man that was to be, for one hundred guilders, rather an exorbitant sum, as he engaged to leave all the trinkets of gold and silver to the executioner.

But what was the sum of a hundred guilders to a man who was all but sure to buy with it the prize of the Haarlem Society?

It was money lent at a thousand per cent., which, as nobody will deny, was a very handsome investment.

It may be a wrinkled face but it is still the dearer for that, and not the less bright. We linger near it, and gaze tenderly upon it and say:

"God bless the cheerful face!" We must keep it with us to be sure, but they could not understand how it made any difference to the world, whether it had one wail more or less.

They could not feel the heart-aches that Boxtel had felt—his desperation—his grim despair—his bitter crushing everyday sorrows. They could have at least unvoiced their heads as the body was lifted up, and said to each other: "He was brave to fight such a battle." But they did not. There would have been no word, no exultation, but not another wail passed the door by chance. He saw the body, recognized it, and as he let the box fall to the flag that he might brush a tear from his eye, he whispered:

"If there are any angels I know that Tom'll see 'em."

And no man shall dare to take from or add to the simple, cheerful emoji. There will be a shallow grave which will soon sink out of sight and memory, and scarce a month will pass away before even the lad's name will be forgotten by the world—the world which prides itself on its charity and mercy, and which let poor Tom stand up alone in his battle for food and raiment and a place to rest his feet, let him creep on to die alone in the shadows of midnight, feeling in his young heart that every man's hand was against him, because he was a wail, a ragged, hungering, orphan.

Persons of Importance.

Talk about persons of importance, will you? There's no one equal to the family baby. Never a king, or emperor, or president with power, or a mother who has been brought up to do house work dislikes it. It is only the name of servant from which she shrinks; and what utter folly it is, since we are all servants. No man who is unselfish, no woman who does her duty, but at service to his or her life for some one, or something.

A clergyman, a lawyer, a physician, a soldier, a sailor, each acknowledging the name. Sure! a wife must serve her husband and children, and a child its parents; and a hired servant who gives a good value for value received can hold up her head with any lady in the land.

And how strange that this important being must one day be let down to the position of an ordinary boy, expected to eat what is set before him, and do as he is told—perhaps to go into somebody's office and be snubbed; that he should come after a while to be a man, and find no one very anxious as to his occasionally.

Yet it's true. If he lives, he will slide slowly down to the ordinary level.

He'll be "our baby" no more, but only a common human being, with faults in plenty; and even if he should stand at the top of the ladder, be a great soldier, a renowned statesman, a genius—no matter what, he'll never be what he is now, a faultless creature, whose will is law to everybody, who has not an enemy in the world, and lots of lovers, and who has only to utter a series of shrill shrieks to be called a darling, smothered with caresses, and comforted with drollops.

Be Economical.

No matter what comes in, if more goes out you will always be poor. The art is not in making money, but in keeping it little expense, like mice in a barn, when they are many, make great waste. Hair by hair, heads get bald; straw by straw the thatch goes of the cottage; and drop by drop the water comes in the chamber.

A barrel is soon empty if the tap only leaks a drop or minute. When you begin to save, begin with your mouth, as many thieves pass down the red lane. The ale jug is a great waste. In all other things keep within compass. Never stretch your legs further than your blankets will reach, or you will soon be cold. In clothes choose suitable and lasting stuff, and no tawdry friezes. To be warm is the main thing; never mind the looks.

A tool may make money, but it needs a wise man to spend it. Remember this: it is easier to build two chimneys than to keep one going. If you will give all to back and board, there is nothing left for the savings' bank. Fare hard and work hard while you are young; and you will have a chance to rest when you are old.

Every thing was highly irritated him.

But when he saw the Recorder take the hand of the condemned, and raise him,

whilst drawing to the parchment from his pocket, when he heard the parlor of the Stadholder publicly read out—then Boxtel was no more like a human being,

the file of soldiers which surrounded it.

Many had shown themselves eager to see the pernicious works of the guilty Coriolanus tlow, but not one had shown such keen anxiety as the individual just alluded to.

But when he saw the Recorder take the hand of the condemned, and raise him,

whilst drawing to the parchment from his pocket, when he heard the parlor of the Stadholder publicly read out—then Boxtel

THE HERALD.

JOHN P. BARRETT & CO., Publishers

JOHN P. BARRETT, Editor.

HARTFORD, OHIO COUNTY, KY.

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 3, 1875.

Rev. J. A. Humphrey prohibited from preaching in Hartford.

The Greenville District Conference of the Methodist Episcopal church, held at No Creek, last week, passed the following preamble and resolutions:

WHEREAS, One preacher has no pastoral right in any territory other than that which is included within the bounds of his own work, or that may be included within it, and especially in the territory which is embraced in the work of another, without the invitation of the pastor, thereof, and,

WHEREAS, The Rev. J. A. Humphrey, of the Ky. Conference of the Methodist Episcopal church, Scottville circuit, has violated this right by making and filling appointments within the bounds of the work of Rev. R. C. Gardner, and without his consent, and without consulting him, he being a member of the same Conference, therefore,

Resolved, That we, the members of the Greenville District Conference of the Ky. Conference of the Methodist Episcopal church, regard this conduct of this brother a violation of that courtesy which is ever due from one Methodist preacher to another, and,

Resolved, That if this brother continues or persists in such a course, that the Presiding Elder, present a copy of this paper to the Annual Conference at its next session at Newport, Ky.

J. W. CORNELIUS, SILAS GREEN,
J. S. RUGELLS, J. T. PENDER,
MC. J. DAVIS.

When Rev. Mr. Humphrey left this work, and was assigned to the Scottville circuit, it suited him best to leave his family in this county, he having purchased a home for them near Hartford. He is very popular as a preacher in Hartford, and generally draws larger audiences than any other preacher has for a long time. A large number of our citizens petitioned the last Annual Conference to return him to this circuit. When it was ascertained that he had been sent to Scottville, and learning that his family would remain here, and knowing that he would be back occasionally, the citizens of Hartford earnestly solicited him to arrange so as to preach for us now and then, which he finally consented to do, making his appointments on all the fifth Sundays that he could spare from other work. Was there anything wrong in this? If in filling these appointments here, he neglected his work in the Scottville circuit, then the brethren there had a right to complain, but the murmurings come not from them. If Mr. H. had assumed a pastoral position over a church in Mr. Gardner's circuit without his invitation or consent, and was receiving compensation therefor that properly belonged to Mr. G., then he was acting wrong; but there is no church here of that denomination, and Mr. H. was not officiating as a pastor to a church, but only occasionally preaching to members of all churches and to many not members of any church. If Mr. H. was preaching occasionally within the bounds of Mr. G.'s circuit, without his consent or approval, and such a thing is interdicted by the General or Annual Conference, then he was acting wrong; but we have very good authority for saying that neither the General or the Annual Conferences inhibited one preacher from occasionally preaching in the bounds of the circuit of another, even without his consent, and we have Mr. H.'s statement made here last Sabbath to the effect that Mr. Gardner was not objecting to his (H.'s) preaching here, and opposed the action of the District Conference.

As no complaint comes from Mr. H.'s circuit about neglect of work there, and as Mr. G. is willing that Mr. H. preach here in his (G.'s) circuit occasionally, and opposed the resolutions prohibiting the same, and the citizens of Hartford, one and all, of every denomination or isn't, are anxious to hear Mr. H. preach, then where the necessity of the passage of these resolutions; who is injured by the preaching of Mr. H?

Will the Reverend gentlemen whose names appears at the foot of the resolutions give us one good, valid reason for voting as they did? Do they think the people of Hartford are so pure, good and upright that they are not in need of preaching? If so, they had better resolve that it is not necessary for Mr. G. to preach here longer. Do they think Rev. Mr. Humphrey unworthy to preach? Then prefer charges against him and expel him from the Conference. Do they think the people of Hartford are beyond redemption, or the reach of the Gospel, and that such burning words of eloquence and soul-stirring appeals as are delivered by Mr. H. are as pearls cast before swine? And have they given us over to hardness of heart and reprobacy of mind?

Then we quote the poet, who said: "While the lamp holds out to burn
The vilest sinner may return."

We also refer them to the scriptural injunction: "Judge not, lest ye be judged." Do they think Mr. H. is not a suitable man to preach to us? Then we say we prefer to judge of that matter ourselves.

Were they prompted to vote for the resolutions from any feeling of envy or jealousy, or was it from a pressure brought to bear by reason of a prejudice existing against Mr. H. by reason of some trouble between him and some of the members of No Creek church a year or so ago? Will the gentlemen please explain why they voted thus? Was it a blow at Mr. H., or the citizens of Hartford? We understand that Mr. H. was denied the privilege of explaining or being heard at all. The passing of the resolutions without any complaint being made by those who had a right to complain, and against the wishes of Mr. G., and without giving Mr. H. a hearing or a chance to explain, is very strange indeed.

We know that there was some trouble between Mr. H. and the No Creek church, but we hope that no prejudice against him on that account was brought to bear upon the District Conference to secure the adoption of these resolutions.

We are not prepared, neither is it our province, to say who was right or wrong in that affair. The matter was taken up by the church authorities and we presume fairly settled. We do not however know the result, nor does it make any difference, so far as the action of the District Conference is concerned. Mr. H. might have been in the wrong, then he may not be all a man ought to be, but one thing is certain: his preaching here has been productive of good, more good we believe, than any preacher has accomplished here for a long time. Sinners old and young, lukewarm Christians that scarcely ever attended church, all alike have become interested and turn out regularly to hear him. His sermons are all practical, logical, sensible, and delivered in a very earnest, pleasing manner. Will some one please give us a good reason for the action of the District Conference? If they acted thus without good cause, and did it through envy or jealousy or prejudice, or to satisfy a feeling of hatred toward Mr. H., or the citizens of this town, then we have no words suitable to express our condemnation of such a course. We may be wrong, we may not have heard a true statement of the matter. If any of those gentlemen who voted for the resolutions desires to make a public explanation, or give a reason for their vote, we will not treat them as Mr. H. was treated, but give them a hearing through the columns of our paper.

FROM BEAVER DAM.

BEAVER DAM, KY., Nov. 2.
Tolerable cool thank you.

Cow skins are nominal.

Wheat prospects are more flattering. Tobacco is declining, and bolders refuse to sell.

Irish potatoes are worth 60 cents per bushel.

Green apples are selling for 50 cents per bushel.

Whisky is worth ten cents a drink, and three drinks kill a man.

A Hartford man rode through town the other day with a linen duster on.

2,222 lawsuits are said to have originated in this place during the past twelve months.

There is paid into the city fund something less than fifty dollars a day on dogs.

Colonel Doon is moving his bed from the front to the rear part of the hotel, to keep from being disturbed at night by Hartford whisky.

They have a new dining room at the Poyer House.

Tom Stevens has opened a hotel.

Miss Gibson has an interesting school.

We don't shake any more out here.

Applications for admission to the Micawber school must be addressed to the president, George Cooper.

The fellow who got mad at something we said in our last letter, ought to read his bible more.

Our telegraph operator carries a mirror in his pocket.

The L. P. & S. W. R. R. has rented a large number of engines and coal cars from the L. N. & N. R. R., and an immense amount of coal is being shipped.

We'll get that \$7,500 lottery money in time for Christmas.

Weaver Barnes has the blues for a week, but is slowly recovering.

Mr. Wallace Gruelle was in town the other morning.

Harry Bridges was here last week selling the "Big Bonanza."

Coule is being delivered at 7½ cents per bushel.

The East-bound passenger train passes at 5:05, a.m., instead of 3:45 a.m. as heretofore.

The funeral of Mr. Richard Stevens was preached at Liberty last Sunday by Rev. Gabriel Bean.

The storm last Friday night did no great damage in this vicinity, but disturbed the slumber of a few sinners who imagined the world was rapidly closing up.

Ben. Gray shipped a car load of fine cattle last night.

There is some contention as to where the county jail shall be located, we propose to give the ground if they will locate it at this place.

There was quite a number of people in town yesterday.

LETTER FROM DIXON.

DIXON, KY., Oct. 30.

EDITOR HERALD.—Inasmuch as Dixon has been adding to her population, by a corresponding decrease in yours, I thought it might be of some interest to your readers to let them hear from us.

A small steamer bearing the name of Business put to land here last week with a barge of stoneware, I have not learned her success in trading.

It is thought that the blacksmith shops here are being patronized pretty largely, from the almost constant "ding-dong" of the mills.

Farmers in this neighborhood are about done sowing wheat and other small grain.

The school here was increased by eight new pupils last week.

Your reporter was in Greenville, Ky., last Saturday, and was told that the Circuit Court had just adjourned there, had sentenced three male persons of Muhlenburg county to several years hard labor in the State prison. The parties were guilty of larceny.

Your Egyptian correspondent is "pitching into" American institutions at rather a desperate rate. His criticisms are captious and are calculated to make it pretty warm for him by-and-by. From his remarks on Christianity it appears that he is Pagan or Mohammedan.

Mr. M. L. Ward of Morgantown, and deputy Sheriff of Butler county, called at my lodgings on the night of the 24th and entertained me highly for some time with his conversation and company. He gave me a brief, but interesting account of the career of last year for the county clerkship of Butler, where he made a lively race for that situation against Mr. Kelly, who outrivaled him by only six votes.

Rev. Mr. Shelton, a member of the Methodist church, and residing at Bowling Green, preached to a small congregation in town last Sunday night.

N. ROMEW.

News from All Points.

The official returns of the Ohio election gives Hayes 5,519 majority.

The loss by the Virginia City, Nevada, fire is placed at \$8,000,000. A space of ground three-fourths of a mile long by one-half mile wide was burned. Great suffering will be the consequence, Seven alives were lost.

Five of the assassins of the Rev. John L. Stephens, American Missionary to Mexico, have been hanged. The murderer occurred at Alahualco in March, 1870.

The crops of coffee and cacao in Venezuela will be abundant.

The Democratic candidate for Mayor of Baltimore was elected by a majority of 2,731.

The Loader case is to be tried, and Mrs. Tilton is to testify—Let us have rest.

The skeleton of the great race horse Lexington is to be securely wired and sent to Washington City, where it will be placed in the Smithsonian Institute. This is the first instance where a race horse has received such honors; but the dead sire of racers deserves it.

The orange crop this year is abundant, and the probability is that this delicious fruit will be cheaper than it has been for several years, and growers intend shipping direct to agents in the East and West, and, thereby, do away with intermediate handling and unnecessary expense.

The Glasgow Times speaks out another wonder, in the shape of a negress, whose face is ornamented with a full suit of whiskers. This woman lives in Hart county, and is the mother of one child.

A horse has just died in Fleming county aged forty years. Mr. T. R. Botts has owned him for thirty-seven years.

The small-pox still prevails in Covington.

And everything usually kept in well-regulated mercantile establishments. They buy their goods for CASH and get them at BOTTOM PRICES, hence they are enabled, by doing an EXCLUSIVELY CASH

business, to undersell any house in Ohio county.

M. & K. will take this occasion to notify the farmers of Ohio and Indiana counties, that they are large and constant buyers of

COUNTRY PRODUCE,

of all descriptions, for which they pay the very highest market prices. They also do the largest

TOBACCO

purchasing business in the country, always paying higher prices, IN CASH, than anybody else. They ask a share of public patronage.

n32-4m

Cattle in the vicinity of Bowling Green are dying of some disease unknown to the farmers.

Last week, at Hocklstown, New Jersey, John Ritter, in a fit of drunkenness, shot and killed his two children, aged five and seven years, and then attempted to kill himself by shooting in the head. His wife escaped with her life by fleeing the house.

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wealth against Gray, for killing Nelson, at Grayson Spring, about one year ago, was a mammoth effort, and evinced a thorough and complete knowledge of all the legal points bearing upon the case.

We desire, through the column of THE HERALD, to return many thanks to "Juno" for the use of his dictionary.

The reason we have to offer for not having written for some time past to THE HERALD is, that we have been afflicted with a disease which we contracted from "Juno" at the Taylor reunion, and, which, according to Col. Ford's diagnosis, is termed amitritis. Excuse us, we forgot we were writing without a dictionary.

R.

LETTER FROM CROMWELL.

CROMWELL, KY., Oct. 30.

People are getting along quite satisfactory now in Cromwell. There seems enough commercial enterprise here for a town of such population.

A small steamer bearing the name of Business put to land here last week with a barge of stoneware, I have not learned her success in trading.

It is thought that the blacksmith shops here are being patronized pretty largely, from the almost constant "ding-dong" of the mills.

Farmers in this neighborhood are about done sowing wheat and other small grain.

The school here was increased by eight new pupils last week.

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shops here are being patronized pretty largely, from the almost constant "ding-dong" of the mills.

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Farmers in this

THE HERALD.

IS PUBLISHED
EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING,

IN THE TOWN OF
HARTFORD, OHIO COUNTY, KENTUCKY,

BY—
JOHN P. BARRETT & CO.,

AT THE PRICE OF
Two Dollars a Year in Advance.

Job work of every description done with
neatness and dispatch, at city prices. We have
a full line of job types, and solicit the patronage
of the business community.

The postage on every copy of *The Herald* is
prepaid at this office.

The postage on every copy of *The Herald* is
prepaid at this office.

Should the paper suspend publication, from
any cause, during the year, we will refund the
money due on subscription, or furnish substitutes
for the unexpired term with any paper of the
same price they may select.

Advertisers whose names are solicited,
accept those of salaried keepers and dealers in
taxicabing papers, which we will not admit to our
columns under any circumstances.

All communications and contributions for pub-
lication must be addressed to the Editor.

Communications in regard to advertising and job
work must be addressed to the Publishers.

COUNTY DIRECTORY.

CIRCUIT COURT.

Hon. James Sturt, Judge, of Owensboro.
Hon. Jas. Haycraft, Attorney, Elizabethtown.

A. L. Motte, Clerk, Hartford.

M. R. Marcell, Master Commissioner, Hartford.

T. J. Smith, Sheriff, Hartford.

E. L. Wise, Jailer, Hartford.

Court begins on the second Mondays in May
and November, and continues four weeks each
term.

COURT OF CLAIMS.

Begins on the 3rd Mondays in January, April,
July and October.

COURT OF CLAIMS.

Begins on the first Mondays in October and
January.

OTHER COUNTY OFFICERS.

J. J. Leach, Assessor, Crowswell.
G. Smith Pitcher, Surveyor, Sulphur Springs.
Thos. H. Bowell, Coroner, Sulphur Springs.
W. L. Rose, School Commissioner, Hartford.

MAGISTRATES' COURTS.

Casey District, No. 1.—P. H. Alford, Justice,
held March 5, June 17, September 4, December

18. E. F. Tifford, Justice, held March 18, June

4, September 18, December 4.

Cool Spring District, No. 2.—A. N. Brown,
Justice, held March 3, June 15, September 2,

December 16. D. J. Wilcox, Justice, held

March 15, June 2, September 16, December 2.

Centerville District, No. 3.—W. P. Reader,
Justice, held March 21, June 14, September 20,

December 15. T. S. Bennett, Justice, held

March 16, June 25, September 15, December

30.

Bull's Store District, No. 4.—Benj. Newton,
Justice, March 11, June 22, September 11, De-

cember 27. S. Woodward, Justice, March 21,

June 16, September 23, December 11.

Fortville District, No. 5.—C. W. R. Cobb
Justice, March 8, June 19, September 8, Decem-

ber 22. J. L. Barton, Justice, March 20, June

7, September 22, December 8.

Ellis District, No. 6.—C. S. McElroy, March

3, June 21, September 8, December 23. Jas.

Miller, Justice, March 22, June 8, September

23, December 2.

Hartford District, No. 7.—Jno. P. Cooper,
Justice, March 13, June 23, September 14, De-

cember 29. A. B. Bennett, Justice, March 23,

June 11, September 27, December 13.

Cromwell District, No. 8.—Samuel Austin
Justice, March 21, June 16, September 29, De-

cember 17. Malvin Taylor, Justice, March 17,

June 30, September 17, December 31.

Hartford District, No. 9.—Thomas L. Allen,
Justice, March 12, June 24, September 13, De-

cember 28. Jas. L. Leach, Justice, March 26,

June 12, September 23, December 14.

Sulphur Spring District, No. 10.—R. G.
Wedding, Justice, March 19, June 5, Septem-

ber 21, December 7. Jas. A. Bennett, Justice,

March 6, June 18, September 5, December 21.

Bartlett District, No. 11.—W. H. Cummins,
Justice, March 16, June 22, September 10, De-

cember 24. J. S. Yates, Justice, March 23,

June 9, September 24, December 10.

POLICE COURTS.

Hartford—F. P. Morgan, Judge, second Mon-

days in January, April, July and October.

Beaver Dam—E. W. Cooper, Judge, first

Saturday in January, April, July and October.

Cromwell—A. P. Montague, Judge, first

Tuesday in January, April, July and October.

Central—W. D. Barnard, Judge, last Sat-

urday in March, June, September and Decem-

ber.

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 3, 1875.

W. R. BONNER, LOCAL EDITOR.

PARTICULAR Notice.

All persons indebted to this office, will
please call and pay up, as we are in urgent
need of some money. We cannot run a
newspaper without money, and hence we
are under the necessity of collecting as
fast as amounts fall due.

Special Notice.

We have erased from our subscrip-
tion list the names of all subscribers
whose time has expired. We hope
they will all renew.

We will send *THE HERALD* from now
until the 1st of January next to any
address for 25 cents.

Address, enclosing the money, with
name, post-office address, county and
State, legibly written.

JNO. P. BARRETT & CO., PUBLISHERS,
Hartford, Ky.

A Splendid Investment.

We will send the *Farmer's Home*
Journal, price \$2.00 per year, and *THE*
HARTFORD HERALD, price \$2.00 per
year, to the same address for the small
sum of \$3.00 per year. Send on the
money and get both papers.

We are now prepared to furnish of-
ficers with all kinds of blanks, and at
prices as low as you can buy them in
the cities.

Postmen and tatters now.

Blustrey last week.

Miss Carrie Jarboe had a congestive
chill one day last week.

Wanted—To know who that mid-
night barker belongs to.

Don't forget the Good Templars con-
vention.

Counterfeit money is circulating in
Evansville, Indiana.

Another big show is billed for Ow-
ensboro, Monday, November 8.

Forty thousand drummers (more or
less), were in town last week.

We were pleased to meet upon the
streets last Friday, our young friend
Harry Bridges.

The present tobacco crop is thought
to be about five times as great as that
of last year.

Grocery for Sale.

Having gone into the hotel business,
I desire to sell my stock of Groceries
and rent my store house. I will sell
on reasonable terms. My stand is the
very best in Hartford. L. J. Lyon.

The death of W. D. Vertrees is an-
nounced in the Elizabethtown News.
He died at his brother's near Rocky
Hill.

The last session of the Davies
County Court ordered that a new bell
should be purchased for the court-
house, and that the roof and fence
should be painted.

The Examiner says the tobacco crop
of Daviess county is estimated at
6,000,000 or 7,000,000 pounds, and
quality nearly up to the average.

Our young friends Jerry Williams
and Clarence Hardwick are awful on
turkeys. They killed three fine gob-
blers Saturday last.

Some one ought to start a sausage
factory here, there are dogs enough to
supply it for 18 years, and not ex-
haust the stock.

Mr. W. T. King, of this place, has
invented a hand-printing machine, in
which he shows considerable ingenuity.
It is worked with a hinge, having the
timpin on the lower board while the
impression is made by the top
piece, which is brought over and hits
squarely on the type. It makes about
four or five hundred impressions an
hour. Mr. King is U. S. Collector,
and has invented this machine so as to
avoid a great deal of writing.

The Grayson County Herald was
purchased last week by Smithers &
Baker, and it now appears as the
Grayson Journal. They do away with
the "patent" system, and print a home
paper. We are glad to see the change,
and hope that all country papers will
soon see their mistake in using them,
and fall back on the old way. Mr.
Ben. S. Robins is its editor, and pre-
sents his readers with newsy little
sheet. Our best wishes are for the
prosperity of the Journal.

A Hartford Enterprise.

Col. O. P. Johnson, one of our
most enterprising citizens, has erected
one of the finest weaving machines in
the Green River country. Mr. Johnson
has three looms, one for weaving
plain linsey, one for four leaf and the
other for five leaf jeans. It is situated
on Rough creek, in the upper end of
town, and is run by water power. The
looms weaves ninety yards a day—
thirty yards to each loom. It is run-
ning gear of the best brand, and the
whole concern is indeed a credit to the
proprietor.

In addition to the above, Mr. John-
son has just completed one of the best
flouring mills on Rough creek—run-
ning three sets of stones, and at a cost
not less than ten thousand dollars.

The Colonel is valuable and enter-
prising citizen, and the prosperity of
Hartford would be much greater if we
had more just such men.

Capt. Sam. K. Cox and Dr. W. J.
Berry left for Russellville last Mon-
day, as witness in behalf of the Com-
monwealth against Cal. Ramsey for
the murder of a young man by the
name of Cornelius, in Logan county,
more than a year ago.

Some time ago two men living at
Pincheo, a small village on the Crom-
well road, had a slight misunderstanding,
and we heard passed a few licks,
which caused outside parties to take
sides, and creating a sensation in that
vicinity. It is reported that dangerous
threats have been made on both
sides.

They were beautiful maidens—one
held the lantern while the other grace-
fully tossed endgels at the choice Pip-
pins. We chanced to pass that way,
and the rosy tint that was upon their
cheeks are imprinted upon memory's
tablet. They were beauties to behold;
but we passed the angelic creatures
in silence.

The HARTFORD HERALD, of Oct.

20, was one of the neatest little papers
that ever came to our office.—Oc-
togenary Examiner.

Thanks, Examiner, for your com-
pliment. The high appreciation we
entertain for our neighbor compels us
to say in return, that the Examiner is
not only a neat, but one of the news-
iest exchanges we receive, and we
await its arrival with almost as much
desire as we would for some dear
friend.

Marriage Licenses.

The following is a list of the marriage
licenses issued since our last report:

Fletcher Peares and Miss Farleigh
Ford.

C. H. B. Coleman and Miss Rachel C.
Younts.

Mr. L. Barrett, for some time a
typo on the *Herald*, severed his connection
with this office Monday, and is engaged
in his old business again—collecting the tax due the ex-Sheriff. He
is a jolly, good fellow, and may his shadow never grow less.

We have received several letters this
week which do not appear, owing to
the paper being nearly up before
receiving them. Such as we can use
will appear next issue. We would be
glad if our correspondents would send
us their favors on Saturday, so that we
will know what to depend upon, as we
can not hold open our columns for them.

There came near being a fire at the
Crow House, last Thursday morning,
caused by the joint of pipe that enters
the flue nearest the garret working
down and the sparks catching to the
shingles. It was getting a good start
when it was discovered, but by the
promptness of some of our citizens, it
was extinguished before doing any
damage.

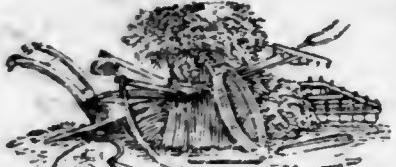
Another Change.

Mr. L. J. Lyon has recently rented
and is now fitting up the Hartford
House in the grandest style of any hotel
in the Green River country. Mr. Lyon
has had several years experience in
the hotel business, and knows just
how to do the thing satisfactory to all.
The hotel he now occupies is situated in
the business portion of the town, and
commercial men will find it to their
advantage to stop with him when visiting
this place, as he can furnish them with
large and comfortable rooms in
which to display their samples. The
house is a three-story building, and
has the capacity to comfortably lodge
quite a number of guests. The best of
servants are in his employ, and will
always be found ready to attend to the
wants of travelers. Mrs. Lyon is indeed
a model landlady, and will always be
ready to accommodate her guests.

Monday morning a young couple
from Muhlenburg county, applied at
the clerk's office, in this place for
marriage license. The clerk believing
that they were intending to be unlaw-
fully married, proceeded to interrogate
them. He asked the young girl if she
was twenty-one years of age, she replied
that she was. Friend Murrell didn't
believe her, and told her what the
consequences would be if she swore
an untrue statement—that she
would be indicted by the grand jury,
and sentenced to twelve months' im-
prisonment in the State penitentiary.

He then asked her, knowing the penali-
ty, if she was still willing to swear
that she was of age, but she said nothing,
thoroughly convincing the clerk that
she was not. He then propounded the
usual question to the young man,
who said this was his second marriage.

THE HERALD.



AGRICULTURAL.

How to Make Boys Hate Farming.

A farmer wrote to a member of the New York Farmers' club, requesting him, if possible, to find for him a boy who is honest, truthful, not lazy, and who will be likely to love farming. He wanted a boy to pick up stones, churn, milk the cows, turn grindstone, etc., and one also that will not hate farming and run away every chance he gets. The chairman handed it over to Sereno Edwards Todd to answer who replied as follows:

The soil of Illinois and other Western States, it is true, is deep and rich, but it is not all on top or near enough the surface to be available to crops; and we already hear from the most reliable sources that the soil of Illinois is giving out most unmistakably; and unless the system that now prevails is changed—the time is rapidly approaching when the lands in that State will also be obliged to succumb to its exhausting effect. It does not require the mental ability of a soothsayer or of a scientist to know that manure must be applied to maintain the fertility of my soil; otherwise continual cropping will soon run it down, despite all the thorough cultivation and deep tillage of a thousand theorists. Nor do we need any other constructor than the common law of nature to teach us that to take away anything from something lessens the amount, quantity, capacity, force, or any other property of the latter. Just so with the soil. It is no matter if its fertility is so great as to produce one hundred bushels of shelled corn to the acre, and its productive powers are reduced only the one hundredth part in as many years, its complete exhaustion would only be a question of time at least.

The American farmer grows corn year after year, and it is sent to England, where it is converted into beef, mutton or pork for market, in doing which the farmers of England make such vast quantities of rich manure that by its application to the land the yield frequently doubles the rent, while the American farmer in cultivating his own land so weakens its production by not consuming his produce at home that it ceases to return him fair average crops—a fact which will be sorely felt by posterity.

The soil is the foundation upon which the hopes of the farmer must rely, but he must not expect it to dispense its gratuitous bounties unless he reciprocates its favors.

Or it may be likened to a machine that converts dead, inorganic matter into vegetable life for our subsistence; we must supply the machine with plenty of grease (manure) in order to give scope to its greatest utility. Nor is this all; it needs also our care, attention, and the application of our skill and judgment before we can expect it to do good work.—*Encyclopaedia*.

Soil Inexhaustible.

We read and hear a great deal about the inexhaustible fertility of the soil, that the idea of exhausting the fertile prairies of the West is too much like trying to dry the ocean with a spoon etc. This doctrine may do very well for visionary theorists to teach, but the actual facts stand out in too bold relief to justify any such groundless assumption. The old system of selling everything off the land for other people to convert to their own use, has brought State after State into comparative impoverishment, till the evil is spreading to what was once called "the West"; for it appears that Ohio is already going down hill at a rapid rate, and other States of the West and South-west are following in the same track. What else can be expected of a system which exports everything from which is made the strongest and most enduring materials?

Sympathizer.

Mr. Smoot lost no time in resorting to the remedy though it was somewhat different from the hypodermic treatment administered by the physicians. An old iron pot, of extra dimensions, such as are used in the Old Dominion, Mr. Smoot's place of nativity, was immediately brought into requisition and filled with the remedial agents. A dense smoke was raised from the burning wool, enough to smoke out all the Macbeth witches in the incubation scene, and with perfect success. Mr. Smoot desires his most heartfelt thanks to be returned to the kind-hearted sympathizer, and is happy to say he experienced the greatest relief in the application of the remedy. New life, as it were, and motion was restored to the afflicted limb, and he enjoyed a delightful rest after the operation. The facts of the case are sent to the *Sun* as of value to all who may be similarly wounded.

Do Plant an Orchard.

No man has lived in vain who has built a house, planted an orchard, and raised a child. This is an old Spanish proverb expressive of homely truths. Fruit is the natural food of man. The molar and incisor teeth of man were given for a fruit and vegetable diet, and only a pair of cusps or eye teeth are placed on either side for the purpose of an occasional diet.

Those animals which live altogether on flesh have teeth adapted to tearing, like the lions, cats, &c., while those destined to feed on grass, like the cow, sheep, &c., have only teeth fitted for cropping and masticating their food. Now if nature, through the structure of our teeth, stomachs, intestines, &c., tells us that fruit is man's natural food, it is not criminal in us as rational beings to attempt to falsify the laws that nature has ordained, and refuse to supply ourselves with what a benevolent Providence seeks to give us in abundance?

The head of a family who refuses or neglects supplying fruit for the little ones is unworthy the trust given him, and, sooner or later, is apt to pay the penalty of his poor stewardship.

Do then, Grangers and farmers, plant fruit trees of every kind indigenous to the soil and climate in which you live, do strive to feed cheaply with healthy food those dependent on your judgment and support. Fall is the season of the year to begin an orchard or a garden if we want sure returns. It is also the time to prepare a vineyard, and plant a full supply of berries of every description. Ignorance, idleness, and sloth are these setting sins of that farmer who never has time to tend a garden or plant an orchard. If any of our readers are cursed with the sin, let us ask in the name of the country that he now throw it off, and show his repentance by it once preparing to set out fruit trees and berries of all kinds sufficient to give an ample supply of good fruit for his family, with some for his neighbors. Do this, and long will it be well to cover them with a coating of coarse manure.

A Singular Remedy.

Mention has been made, says the Baltimore *Sun*, of the case of A. R. Smoot, commission merchant, who was so seriously injured a few days ago by jumping from some boxes, on Light street wharf, on a nail two and a half inches in length, which passed nearly through his foot, firmly clinching him to the floor. Mr. Smoot subsequently received per mail a postal card from some kind-hearted person, which read as follows: "Reading of your painful accident in this morning's paper (*The Sun*), I take the liberty of sending you a remedy which is considered infallible. It is simply to smoke the wound or bruise that is inflamed with burning wool or woolen cloth twenty minutes. The smoke of wool will take the pain out of the wound. I hope you will try the remedy and be benefited."

There are many professional and trading, and even some of our brethren, who seem to think that the mission of the Grange is to fight everything and everybody. Never was there a greater mistake. If any body of men mean "peace on earth and good will to men," it is the Grangers. We desire the prosperity of all good men. We have no antagonism to any honest calling, trade or profession. We want all to flourish and prosper; but we do not want them to be our masters. While other trades and professions are prospering, we want the farmers to prosper also. We want the "man who holds the bread" to reap the fruits of his own labor, and not to have them go mainly into the pockets of the drones of society.

We want agriculture to flourish and the tillers of the soil to be elevated financially, socially, and educationally. And why should we not try to build up ourselves, if we do not aim to pull down any body else who ought to prosper? There is no agrarianism in the Grange. Every Patron wants all the property he can get honestly by his toil.

We do not wish to injure the lawyers, though one of our cardinal doctrines takes away a great source of their profit.

One of our proudest achievements is to stop strife and lawsuits among farmers. Where Granges flourish lawsuits diminish, and the little breaches that arise between brethren are healed without litigation.—*Farmers' Home Journal*.

Boys not Suited for the Farm.

If the only good that a boy ever did about a farm was to repair the pump, hang gates, make mole-traps, put in rake-teeth, file the saw, and hang the grindstone, and he did these things well, obviously the farm is not the place for him—but the machine shop is. If a boy will walk a half dozen miles after the day's work is done to hear a political speech; if he takes the time from play to attend trials before a justice of the peace, and sits up half the night when he is going to school to learn declaiming which bring down the house at spelling-schuls, most likely he will do the world more good if you put a law-book and not a manure-fork in his hand. If he earn more money in trading jack-knives and fish-lines on rainy days than he does in hoeing potatoes and cutting grain in fair weather, give him a chance at the yard stick, and not have him around troubling the other boys who are handling horse-rakes and pitch-forks, and the like employments. Again, if a boy is skillful in skinning small animals and stuffing small birds; if he practiced making pills of mud when he was a child, and extricated teeth from jaws of dead horses with pinchers when he got older; if he read physiology while his brothers are deep in Robinson Crusoe, he will be far more likely to succeed with a lancet than with a scythe.—*Phrenological Journal*.

Burying Potatoes.

The Canada Farmer gives the following method of burying potatoes: Potatoes should be laid in compact heaps, and covered carefully with straw. Over the straw put about eight inches of earth, and over the earth a good thick layer of straw. Over all put six or eight inches of earth. Frost will go through almost any thickness of earth alone, but it will suffice to keep it in place. By using straw and earth combined, time is saved in uncovering when the roots are wanted to be got at. If the snow is blown from the heaps during the winter, and the cold is very intense, it will be well to cover them with a coating of coarse manure.

Household Hints.

Vainable Recipes.

FRICASSEED POTATOES.—Pare and slice, half an inch in thickness, into cold water, the required quantity of potatoes, and wash them well; put them into a clean sauce pan and pour over them cold water enough to half cover them, and close the pot tightly and let them cook fifteen minutes, then drain off every drop of water; have ready a half pint of cream or new milk, a large spoonful of good butter, a teaspoonful of chopped parsley, and some salt, and pour this over the potatoes and just heat up. Serve hot.

CURING HAMS.—A good receipt is to rub the hams with fine salt and sugar, and lay in a dry place. After five or six days rub again, putting on some new salt, as the old becomes dry and does not penetrate. At the end of eight or nine days apply the salt again. Use sugar only the first rubbing. Keep the salt on them until the shank looks white and the skin draws down tight; when this is the appearance the hams are ready to smoke.

The Grange Menus Peace.

In a late circular the Executive Committee of the Missouri State Grange very truthfully says:

There are many professional and trading, and even some of our brethren, who seem to think that the mission of the Grange is to fight everything and everybody. Never was there a greater mistake. If any body of men mean "peace on earth and good will to men," it is the Grangers. We desire the prosperity of all good men. We have no antagonism to any honest calling, trade or profession. We want all to flourish and prosper; but we do not want them to be our masters. While other trades and professions are prospering, we want the farmers to prosper also. We want the "man who holds the bread" to reap the fruits of his own labor, and not to have them go mainly into the pockets of the drones of society.

GEO. KLEIN.

JNO. M. KLEIN

GEO. KLEIN & BRO.

HARTFORD, KY.



Dealers in house furnishing goods, for general kitchen and table use. We keep constantly on hand, the celebrated

ARIZONA COOKING STOVE.

Seven sizes for either coal or wood. House-keepers are delighted with its superior cooking and baking. It has no equal anywhere. Call and see for yourself.

New Goods! New Goods!

Just received, a large and complete stock of Fall and Winter goods, consisting of

DRY GOODS, CLOTHING BOOTS SHOES, HATS, SHAWLS, BLANKETS, NOTIONS &c.

A complete stock of

LADIES DRESS GOODS

And everything kept in a first-class dry goods house:

GIVE US A CALL.

No trouble to show our goods.

L. ROSENBERG & BRO.

N. B.—Highest market price paid for country produce.

L. J. LYON.

Dealer in

Groceries and Confectionaries.

HARTFORD, KY.

Keeps constantly on hand a large assortment of all kinds of Groceries and Confectionaries, which he will sell low for cash, or exchange for all kinds of

COUNTRY PRODUCE.

I will also pay the highest cash price for hides, sheepskins, eggs, butter, bacon, potatoes, beans, etc.



J. F. YAGER,

Side and Livery Stable,

HARTFORD, KY.

I desire to inform the citizens of Hartford and vicinity that I am prepared to furnish Saddlery and Harness Stock, Buggies and conveyances of all kinds on the most reasonable terms. Horses taken to feed or board by the day, week or month. A liberal share of patronage solicited.

R. G. MERRILL.

S. J. HART.

MERRILL & HART.

MERCHANT TAILORS,

No. 172 Main Street, between Fifth and Sixth,

LOUISVILLE, KY.

n^o 251

All orders promptly executed. Special attention given to orders by mail. Write for price list. Address

JOHN P. BARRETT & CO.,

Job Printers,

Hartford, Ky.

The Largest Weekly Published in the United States.

THE SIXTH LOUISIANA TIMES.

Daily, Weekly and Tri-Weekly.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE

ILLUSTRATED.

NOTICES OF THE PRESS.

The ever increasing circulation of this excellent monthly proves its continued adaptation to popular desires and needs. Indeed, when we think to how many homes it penetrates every month, we must consider it an extraordinary success. The popularity of this magazine is won not by a spurious popularity, but by its real merit.

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